THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

I.

HILLSIDE, Sept. 1, 1878.

DEAR AUNT ANNIE, — Here we are, all at home again. Our visitors are gone, and we are settling to our work for the winter. School began last month, and now Sunday school has begun again. The vestry has been painted this summer, and there are a lot of new books in the library, and to-day the new catalogues were given out, — and that is why I am writing to you this evening.

I don't like the way we are doing about books one bit. There must be ever so many real nice books in the library that we should like to read, if we only knew which they were; but how can we tell? The catalogue only gives the names; and how can I know, for instance, of Rosamond Ferrars, and Phyllis Pengelly, and Sally Williams, and Ella's Half Sovereign, which will suit Elsie, and which me.

The teachers have so little time for lessons that they say we must have our numbers all ready before school, and it is not often that they can help us.

Once, last winter, when I asked Ben and Nannie how they came to have their numbers all written so soon, I found they just put down any numbers that came into their heads, and took the chances. That day, Nan got "John Woolman's Journal," and Ben "The Son of a Genius;" but they said sometimes it turned out better.

We have been talking with mother about it; but she does not know much about the new books, and we have read all the old ones that she had when she was a girl. But she says that when she was in Boston you were at work with some other ladies looking over new books for Sunday-school libraries; and she is very sure that you could help us, and tell us about the different kinds of books, and what we should each like.

We asked some of our cousins from the city, who were here this summer; but they said they had so many books among themselves, and so little time to spare from their studying, that they did not take books from Sunday school. But here we cannot borrow many books, and studying does not take so much of our time, and the Sunday-school library is our main dependence.

So, Auntie dear, if you could help us, so that we should really use our library this winter, and get some good out of it, and know what we want, we will all be ever so much obliged to you, and most of all your loving niece, HELEN.

II.

BOSTON, Sept. 15, 1878.

MY DEAR HELEN, — I found your letter waiting for me when we got home from our mountain trip, and down I sat to read it in the midst of unpacked trunks.

This is the first leisure that I have been able to catch for answering it, though I have been thinking a great deal about it at odd minutes.

First of all, let me say that I am delighted to get it. I am pleased that you are taking up the matter of reading in such good earnest, — pleased both for your own sake and for the younger ones. A good deal of expense goes into the Sunday-school libraries, and there is a good deal of work in forming and running them; and it seems a shame that you, the children, for whom they are meant, should not get the best use of them.

Of course the little ones cannot do much to help themselves; but it seems as if the

older brothers and sisters might bring them some help if they tried. And there are grown-up people who are trying to serve you all in this matter. As your mother says, I belong to a committee called "The Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books." We examine books as carefully as we can, and every year we publish a list of those we think good. We hope that the superintendents and the people who make the libraries, who do not have time for all this work themselves, will get the books we mention; and we know that a great many of them are glad to do so. We make our list with different signs, to show which books are fit for the older classes, and which for the young ones; and those that have no marks are for the middle-aged ones; and we hope that the different Sunday schools will print these marks, with their catalogues, too, for it would help to prevent such funny accidents as you report. For instance, on our list "John Woolman's Journal" has a star like this * against it; and that would tell Nannie that she had better wait a few years before she chose it.

Now, I have always felt that I should be very glad if the work we do in reading all these books, and making up our minds about them, could be made of some use to the children directly. At present we only help the library committees to choose which books to put in; and I see that, after that, each scholar wants to know which book to take out.

I do not see why I can't be of use to at least you six children, by telling you something about such books as I remember. But, young woman, perhaps you'll get more of this than you want! It seems to me that, if I begin, I shall want to spread out into several letters; and you may feel as if you had pulled the string of a shower-bath, and it wouldn't stop. So I warn you, and I won't begin to pour unless you decide and pull by writing again.

And, if you do write again, just remember how long it is since I have been able to stay with you, and how little acquainted I feel with the younger ones. Tell me just how old you have all got to be now-a-days, and what sort of reading you each take to, and then I shall have a starting-point.

Give my love to your mother, and thank her for suggesting your writing to me. It will give me a great deal of pleasure, if I find what I do can be of any use to my distant nephews and nieces.

Your loving AUNT ANNIE.

III.

HILLSIDE, Sept. 20, 1878.

DEAR AUNT ANNIE, — Thank you! I'm not a bit afraid of the threatened shower-bath. In fact, the prospect is rather pleasant, and the first sprinkling has already had a good effect. For I have learned that in our Sunday-school catalogue the numbers below 200 stand for books for the youngest children, and those over 500 for the oldest. So that is some guide in our choice.

Now, for my descriptive catalogue of ourselves. If I begin at the top, I must put first myself, — Helen, aged sixteen. I want books that are something more than story-books. I mean books that have to do with history in some way, or that make their people so real and natural that I can imagine them living now, and should like to meet them. Of our home books, I like best some of Scott's novels.

Next comes Harry, almost fifteen. He likes books of adventure and travels, and history if it is lively enough. "Robinson Crusoe" used to go to bed with him nights;

and this year he has been pegging at "Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages."

Nan, your namesake, is thirteen; and she reads every thing she can lay hands on, — good, bad, and indifferent; but she says she likes best story-books that are not too "goody." I really believe the child would do nothing but read, if it were not for Ben, her special chum, who does not care for books of any kind, and will insist on her being out-doors with him. He cares very much about all live things, plants or animals; and, if you can put him on the track of any books that tell about such things, he will be delighted. He and Nannie have been poring over the "Butterfly Hunters," which they came across this summer, and have really learned a good deal from it. Ben is eleven; and Elsie and Robin, our babies, are nine and six. Elsie delights in fairy stories, and Robbie will listen to any thing that has not too hard words. The one-syllable books are treasures to Rob.

Here you have us all. Of course, we don't keep strictly within these separate lines; but, when any one comes across any thing very good, we share it as far as possible.

Now, Auntie, please don't let this bother you, or take time you want for something else; but, if this pull brings a good hard shower, we shall all enjoy it.

Yours, hopefully, HELEN.

P. S. My friend, Ruth Morris, has just come in, and when I tell her what I am doing, says, "Ask your aunt if she won't suggest some books that we can read aloud together, that will set us thinking, and make us know something of what other people are doing and thinking." Ruth is older than I, and the only child at home. Perhaps she has more time for thinking than I; but I get the benefit of it all.

So please count her in, if you can. H.

[For The Dayspring.

DOWN IN THE ORCHARD.

Down in the orchard, thro' thick, soft grass,
Where the trees lean, gnarled and gray,
Hoary, twisted with battling storms,
Yet rounded with blooms each May;

Sweet Bessie, as fair as a lily,
Shy Madge, as a blushing rose,
'Neath the mist of budding branches,
Through drifts of the old trees' snows,

Wander, with arms clasping shoulders,
In close and loving embrace:
One sunshiny head all golden,
Crowned fair with ringleted grace;

The other, like round, shining chestnut,
With satin waves, rippling gleams,
As clear streams o'er sandy shallows
Fling flickering, slant sunbeams.

Talking low of cherishing secrets,
Shut in by white gates of pearl,
With clasps as red as the ruby,
Worth the ransom of an earl.

Swinging high in the face of blossoms,
Far above the weary sun
Slipping down the smooth horizon,
Ere the day is fairly done;

Floating out far into the tree-tops,
Birds, — on invisible wings;
Spying the robins at vespers,
Who think them wonderful things!

Looking down on an emerald sea,
The moonlight of daisies rests,
Like a silver shield on billows
Upheld by white, curling crests.

Enjoying the exquisite gladness
Of youth's new, beautiful day,
Ere the shadowy hand of darkness
Beckons the bright hours away.

ANNIE D. DARLING.

READING, August, 1878.

For The Dayspring.

DOG NIPPER.

STORY, mamma, please," entreated the children, as they gathered around their mother in the pleasant twilight, — the "Children's Hour" in many a happy home.

Mamma smiled. She was used to this request; and stored away in her memory every little incident that came to her notice, every thing she found in her own reading, that would be likely to interest them.

"What shall it be?" she asked. "You had a fairy tale last night. A true story now?"

"Yes, mamma; please tell a horse or a dog or a bird story."

"Then I have one that will just suit you. And it is perfectly true. It happened in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. A good doctor was walking in the street one day, when he felt a gentle nip on his leg. He turned, and saw a wiry little Scotch terrier crouching down, and looking piteously in his face, as if asking his pardon. The gentleman was in haste; but, when the little creature stood up on his hind feet, and begged with his fore-paws, he kindly said, 'Good dog!' and patted his side, though rather dirty. He hurried on down hill; but in a few moments the little dog nipped him again, this time a trifle harder than before, and again seemed to ask forgiveness, — again stood up and motioned with his fore-paws, but even more earnestly than at first.

"The kind-hearted doctor thought the dog must have a meaning and purpose in all this. He stood a moment, and looked at him keenly, trying to find out what he wanted.

"This pleased the little creature very much; and, with a shrill yelp, he was off at full speed. The doctor followed, but could not go so fast; and every few minutes the dog stopped and looked back, to be sure he was coming, and begged again and again.

"Through several streets and lanes the shaggy little guide scampered till he came to a gate. He crept underneath, but came back, looking much astonished, when he found his new friend could not follow him; and seemed to want to say, 'Why don't you come in?'

"The doctor tried to open it, but found it fastened. The dog disappeared; and the gentleman was just turning away to go home, thinking he had lost his time and long walk, when he heard him barking joyously far off, around a corner of the wall. He was wild with excitement and eagerness. There was a gap, through which the doctor made his way with some difficulty, and found himself in an unused carriage-yard.

"The little dog ran into a shed, and sprang through the window of an old carriage-body without wheels. Inside was a poor mother-dog, with five puppies. They were all of them nearly starved; the puppies trying in vain to nurse, and fairly yelling with hunger. The mother-dog, which was a pointer, was no doubt lost on the road by some sportsman, and crept into this deserted place. When her puppies were born, she had no food, either for them or herself, but what she might pick up in the street. She was wild with famine and anxiety.

"The kind-hearted man, hurried though he was, would not delay a moment to relieve the suffering creatures. He brought them to a safe, sheltered home, and fed and cared for them.

"The little terrier was delighted beyond measure. He was homeless and hungry; but, much as he needed friends and food and home, he sought aid and kindness, not for himself, but for these poor creatures that were in still worse plight. Was it not a generous deed?

"But the little stray dog, in caring for others, found the home and friend he needed. The kind doctor took him home that very night, and kept him for his own. He named him 'Nipper,' as a reminder of the way he first drew his attention. The pointer he called 'Perdita,' which means 'Lost;' though perhaps 'Found' would have suited quite as well, and I think the French word 'Trouvé' would be prettier. And I am glad to say that this good man, who had befriended these seven poor dogs out of pure pity and love, with no thought of reward, had the pleasant surprise of finding that the puppies were of a very valuable kind, and sold them at a high price to those who would give them good homes and treat them well.

"Nipper proved a very healthy dog, good-tempered and affectionate, and lived a merry life with his kind master. He had great courage and energy in rat-hunting, and made himself very useful. He lived to be sixteen, which is very old for a dog; and went to sleep at last without pain, leaving his wonted place in the family lonely, but many a pleasant remembrance of his looks and ways."

M. O. J.

A BOY, going to Sunday school, was met by a companion who invited him to play truant; but he refused, and went to school. When asked what kept him from yielding to temptation, he answered, "Because I read in my Bible, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

For The Dayspring.

A THIEF IN A SHELL.

BY ELMER LYNNDE.

HERE, Tip, I want that seat;" and before Tip knew it he was out on the floor, and his brother Harry was cuddled up in the chair, instead.

Tip was very easily imposed upon, — had become quite used to it, in fact, — and so said nothing, but picked up one of his toys, and sat down somewhere else.

But Harry's grandmother was on hand this time. She had come to town the day before; and, not being used to selfish children, she looked at Harry in perfect surprise. Harry was deep in his book; but he soon felt his grandmother's eyes upon him, and looked up.

"Do you know what you remind me of, Harry?" she asked.

"Cousin Will, I guess," said Harry. "Every one says that I look like him."

"No, sir," said grandma, very decidedly: "I was not thinking of Cousin Will at all, but of a crab, — a Hermit Crab."

"Why, grandma," said Harry, looking as if he thought it was a very funny joke, "I don't see why I am like a crab: I have no claws." And Harry surveyed his closely bitten nails with a great deal of satisfaction.

"It was not your appearance, Harry, but your actions, to which I referred. Turning Tip out of his chair, because it was a particularly desirable one for you to occupy, showed more selfishness of character than I like to see in any of my grandchildren."

"But what about the crab, grandma?" said Harry, who for almost the first time in his life began really to feel ashamed of his selfishness, and preferred that the rest

of the conversation should not be quite so personal.

"This crab," she continued, "is not thoroughly covered with a coat of mail like other species of crabs, its head and neck only being protected; and as crabs — even members of the same family — never stand on ceremony with each other, they are always afraid of having the exposed parts devoured by some hungry father or brother, or other relative; and so they wander around in search of a comfortable-looking shell, into which they retreat backwards and dwell in safety.

"Now, this is the point, Harry," said grandma; and Harry actually blushed as she looked at him. "Looking for an empty shell is very wise and commendable," she said; "but the trouble is that, if they do not find an empty shell that suits them, they help themselves to one that is occupied, first turning out the poor little owner, and frequently eating it up."

Here grandma gave Harry a special look again, and then went on with her sewing.

Harry had by this time become quite sensitive to looks, so he snatched little Tip off the uncomfortable chair on which he was sitting, and put him back into the cosey one he was occupying by the window.

"Now, grandma," he said, "it is all square again, so please tell me some more about those queer 'fellers.'"

"Well, Harry," she replied, "as I am always ready to encourage repentance after wrong-doing, as well as a desire for knowledge, I will tell you what I know about the Soldier Crab or Hermit Crab, these names being given them on account of the small house which they occupy. You know the shell to which they help themselves is their house; and it is sometimes compared to a sentry-box, and at others to a hermit's cell.

"These crabs look very odd, crawling about with this shell clinging to them. A spiral shell they prefer; but they do not find it very easy to move with this appendage, and are obliged to put out their front claw, and take hold of something, and so pull themselves along.

"When the crab grows so that the shell becomes uncomfortable, he leaves it, and starts upon an expedition in search of a larger one; looking carefully around before he begins his journey, to be sure that no enemies are lurking near.

"He is very particular about his new abode, and will not enter one until he has walked round it, and examined it from all points, and is said sometimes to try several before deciding upon one. He is very timid, and at the least noise withdraws himself into his shell, covering the opening as well as he can with his claws: and, when he is once there, it is very difficult to dislodge him; great power residing in the tail, which adheres very closely to the walls of his house.

"These crabs are very quarrelsome; and one who has studied them closely tells of seeing one meet another who was better lodged than himself. In crab language, he may have invited him to leave his establishment, and have been politely refused.

"However that may be, the poverty-stricken one was seen to walk up to the other, and unceremoniously turn him out, coolly taking possession himself.

"As a general thing, the Hermit Crab is very much alarmed when it comes in contact with anemones or sea-flowers, and has been known to drop its shell in order to get away from them: but there is a peculiar kind of anemone which attaches itself to the shell of the crab, and goes with it in all its journeyings; and the following in-

stance will show that there may have been really an attachment between them : —

"A Hermit Crab was watched when about to change its abode. After surveying its new shell, it went back to the old one, took from it the anemone, and, carrying it to the new one, placed it on top, and (as the writer says who mentions the incident) gave it two or three taps with its claw, as if to say, 'There : attach yourself.'

"But, dear me!" said grandma, "how forgetful I am! Your mother wanted me to be sure and send the carriage for her at three, and here it is half-past. Run, Harry, and tell Robert."

"Yes, grandma," said Harry, with a spring ; "and I won't be a crab any more, I can tell you."

For The Dayspring.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THE flowers were talking together one day
(It seems they were thinking of going away);
They argued and questioned, they shook their bright heads,
And said it was time they were leaving their beds.

The farmers would soon come with harrow and plow,
And turn them all out, — it was time for them now;
And Jack Frost, their foe, would be making a call, —
He always came 'round more or less in the fall.

The roses, they said, had been gone off some time,
Although a few flowers were still in their prime;
The asters and hawkweed were ready to start,
And in a few days they would surely depart.

The golden-rod said it was time they should go,
For soon all the ground would be covered with snow, —
Even now she was chilled, in not being quite strong;
To stay here much longer she thought would be wrong.

The days were so short, and the nights were so cold,
And most of the flowers were faded and old,
She thought it quite useless to longer delay,
And advised every flower to go the next day.

A little fringed gentian began to look *blue*
Before the last speaker had scarcely got through;
She said she had hardly been settled a day
Before they were talking of going away.

She said at no time could she ever remember
When flowers looked brighter the last of September.
And were not the asters and phlox in their prime?
So *she* would be glad to remain for some time.

A bright little pansy got out of her bed,
And said, "I endorse all that golden-rod said:
I motion we ballot to go or to stay."
"I second the motion," said jerardia.

Esclepius, tall and erect as a tree,
Now counted the votes, — there were just twenty-three.
On each slip of paper was written quite plain,
"We'll go; but come back in the spring-time again."

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

A HOUSE-BUILDING FISH.

IN Lake Nyassa, in the far interior of Africa, is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives call "a house." In the mud, at the bottom of the lake, it makes a hole some two or three feet broad, allowing the earth removed from the hole to form a little wall around it. The depth of the hole and the height of the wall, measured together, make a basin from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. In this lake within a lake the fish feels secure from all enemies, and very quietly keeps house until the eggs are laid, when it becomes restless, and leaves the house as a nursery for successors, while it roams about again at will. — *St. Nicholas.*

MARY SMITH AND HER PETS.

MARY SMITH is an only child. She is much loved, and, we are sorry to say, too much indulged, by her parents. Her play-room is full of dolls and toys, and she often goes there to amuse herself. She is fond of pets, and has more of them than most little girls. First, she persuaded her father to get her a pair of canary birds; then, a parrot; and then, the little shaggy dog, which you see in the picture, and which she calls "Towser." When a poor little kitten came into the yard and wanted a home, she kindly cared for her, and made her feel that she had found as good a home as a kitten ever had. She did not know at first what to call her kitten; but, after thinking a while, she said she would call her "Lottie," because she was lost. She has taught Towser and Lottie that they must live together in peace.

The good-natured dog you see in front of Mary is one that came to her home, and was adopted by her because she saw that his master had forsaken him. She calls him "Tray." She loves him much; but Towser and Lottie do not. Do you not see how jealous they are of poor Tray? But their jealousy will not always last. Pretty soon they will be as friendly to Tray as they are to each other. They will then be happier than now, and so will their little mistress.

For The Dayspring.

GRACE'S TRIALS.

PART FIVE.

CHAPTER IX. — *Jessie and her Friends.*

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

WHAT had become of Jessie? After leaving the Gershom House, the two girls had walked back quickly, talking earnestly.

"That is just like Grace Lester," said Jessie: "she is no respecter of persons! She had just as lief go without her dinner for Hopestill Summers, whom she never spoke to more than half a dozen times in her life, as for me, or for my sake!"

"You speak as though that were a fault," said Martha, timidly. "Now, I should admire her for it. I do think she was very brave to go across on that raft. It looked very unsafe to me!"

"That was not much!" exclaimed Jessie; "I should have been glad to do it myself, for the fun of the thing. But I think it is a neglect of one's own friends to lay one's self out on everybody in that way."

Martha was doubting about a reply, when, at this moment, she saw one of her sisters running to meet her.

"O Martha! I have been looking for you everywhere," Clara exclaimed, as soon as she could recover her breath. "I went down to the school, and could not find you! Mother wants you to take this note directly to Aunt Julia's, without coming home, and you are to stay there to dinner; and if it rains you can spend the night, because mamma can't go. She has to be at old Mrs. Jeffers's this afternoon, and has gone there already; because Mrs. Jeffers has broken her leg trying to get out of the window, when she might just as well have gone out of the door. But she was so frightened about the freshet!"

"What a demoralized village!" exclaimed Jessie. "I begin to think I must hurry home to see if our house is standing yet!"

"But, Jessie, you will go first to Dr. Lester's, and tell them where Grace is," urged Martha. "You see I can't possibly go now, and not one of Grace's family knows where she is!"

"It will be fun to tell them," said Jessie, "and help them rig up an ark! Still you must reflect I have not had my dinner!"

"O Jessie! do go directly," begged Martha; "for I don't believe it is safe at the Gershom House. If the water should rise, how would they ever get away? and so lonely, too, there!"

"I dare say the old house will come toppling over," said Jessie, "so moist as it is around its roots."

"O Jessie! don't joke about it," said Martha, still lingering at the corner of the street where she must leave Jessie; "do promise me that you will see the Lesters directly."

"Of course I will," said Jessie. "Have not I promised Grace solemnly already? I will stop in the village on the way, and buy a tub, in which her faithful Tancred shall embark, and sail to her rescue!

> "'They went to sea in a sieve, they did,
> In a sieve they went to sea!'"

She waved her handkerchief as they parted; but Martha hurried off on her way to her Aunt Julia with some misgivings.

Jessie had to pass the corner of the street that led to her own home. Here she was met by two boys, who came towards her. One of them was Dan Ellis, her cousin.

"We have been to the house, inquiring for you," said Dan, "and nobody knew where you were. Here is Sol Sykes who has got a boat, and will take us down river, if you'll go. There is any amount of fun on the water, — a whole family of hens floating about on the roof of an outhouse, and a few stray pigs. It is a fine afternoon for an excursion."

"You had better wait till after dinner," suggested Jessie.

"I went into your house, and asked your Bridget to give us a lunch," said Dan. "Here it is in this basket. It is my suspicion that she has put up some cold turkey, or something that is as good. We will land on some desolate island, and have a jolly dinner. Come along: there's no time like the present."

Jessie turned with the boys, and walked towards the river, finding time to whisper to Dan, "Father said to me one day that he didn't much like Sol Sykes; and I must say I don't admire him myself as a companion."

"It is only his boat that I want you to admire," said Dan; "you need not have any thing to say to him. I can't say I admire him myself. But he has got a boat, and he knows how to manage it; and, if we go out, we can save a few hens, you know. It will be a benefit to mankind."

They had soon reached the river's bank, and when Jessie was placed in the stern, and found herself asked to manage the rudder, she could say nothing more against the plan. For one moment, indeed, she did remember her friend Grace.

"Suppose we go the other way," she suggested, "up towards the Gershom House, and rescue Grace Lester. She has gone over there to help Hopestill Summers, and nobody knows she is there, unless we go up and get them out."

"Oh! there's no fun that way," said Dan; "all the entertainment is down stream, and you see we are half there now."

This was the last thought that Jessie gave to her friend Grace. She was soon busy in the delightful and exciting labor of helping Dan Ellis fish for bits of board and rubbish. They had lost sight of the family of hens; but there were many poor people trying to secure their property still scattered about on the water. Dan Ellis good-naturedly pulled in pieces of old stoves, or remnants of bedsteads or chairs, for some old body on the shore. But Jessie soon tired of this sport, and declared she was hungry for dinner. She begged to be rowed across the river to some quiet spot among the reeds.

At the very time Grace was talking about her with Hopestill, and wondering where she was, Jessie was sitting in the boat, with a bit of cold turkey in one hand, and a crust of bread in the other. Sol had guided the boat into a little nook, by a bend of the river, on the opposite side from where all the turmoil and confusion was.

There was a willow hanging over the water, stretching its boughs above them. The buds were beginning to show a little, giving a yellowish green shimmer to the tree.

A sound of voices came across the water; but every thing about them was still.

"How quiet it is!" said Jessie; "nothing but the voice of the youthful frog."

"Yes, this is what I call comfort!" said Dan Ellis, taking a large bite into a slice of bread and butter. "After working as we have done, one gets up an appetite, and one deserves something to eat."

"Just stop a minute," said Sol: "I have got an idea."

"How surprising!" said Dan, winking to Jessie.

"There's an old woman I know, who lives up on the bank here," continued Sol, "who will give us some maple syrup, if I go and ask her. You wait a minute, and see if it don't make the bread and butter taste better."

"There, you see Sol Sykes is good for something," said Dan, triumphantly, to Jessie, when Sol had gone: "he is not much at conversation, but he is good on rowing and maple syrup."

Jessie agreed to this, when Sol returned with a mug of delicious maple syrup, which added much to the flavor of the repast.

He proposed, however, rowing down river a little farther, and found another point where they could rest, and pick some winter-green under the pines.

"Bridget did well about our lunch," said Jessie, as they finished what they had to eat. "Did you ask her to tell mother where we were going?"

"On the contrary, I thought I would save your mother the worry," said Dan: "so I only spoke of a picnic."

"Then nobody knows where we are!" said Jessie, leaning back on some moss under the pines. "I don't know but that is a part of the fun."

"I'm sure it is," said Dan. "I never said good-by to any of my family: I thought I would spare their feelings."

"And I stole the boat," said Sol, laughing discordantly. "They don't any of them know where I am, and they would give considerable to know where the boat is."

Dan started up, somewhat disturbed.

"Sol, I don't like this! I thought you said you could have the boat whenever you wanted it."

"Whenever I choose to go and get it," said Sol, laughing again.

"Did not you tell me that the boat belonged to you?" said Dan fiercely.

Jessie was terrified at the black looks of both of her companions. The place where they had landed was almost an island. It was separated from the fields on the river's bank by a bit of marshy land that it would be impossible to cross. If Sol chose, he could jump into his boat and row away, and leave her and Dan in a worse plight than she had left Grace in. For it would be far more preferable to spend the night in the Gershom House than on this point of land, under the pines, and snakes perhaps crawling in the bushes!

CHAPTER X. — *Nobody Knows.*

PERHAPS Dan, too, felt that it was no time to quarrel with Sol, for when Jessie said, soothingly, "It can't be helped now, Dan; and how should we ever have got here on our good time, if it had not been for Sol's boat?" "I don't know about it's being a good time, if we ever do get back," he said, moodily; "but we can leave Sol to explain the matter to his friends. It is none of my responsibility. It proves that an evil companion in the hand is worse than two in the bush."

Sol laughed again, as he leaned back on the bank, supported by the stump of a pine-tree, eating the remnant of a bit of bread in a confused manner.

"I think it will be for you to get us back," he said. "I rowed you down here; and it will be your part to take us home, it seems to me."

"Perhaps we had better be about it," said Dan, starting up; "for I am not sure but what I felt a drop of rain. I can't

say I should like to get caught out in a shower."

"It does look pretty black," said Jessie. "I wish you had given me time to go home for a water-proof. And I believe I left my umbrella at school."

"One does not come out on a party of pleasure with water-proofs and umbrellas," said Dan; "one could not look so far ahead as that. It won't take us but a few moments to bring ourselves home, — that is the advantage of a boat."

"That shows how much you know," said Sol, taking his position in the boat. "It was easy enough coming down; but I should like to see you rowing up against the current in no time!"

"I never thought of that," said Dan, taking the oars, "because we have generally had a lot of boys aboard, who like the fun of rowing. But I am willing to take my turn."

Dan began with some spirit; but he found the work a little harder than he expected, especially as Sol gave occasional jeering laughs at the slowness of their progress.

"Why did not you run off with two pairs of oars while you were about it?" Dan said, "and then there would have been some hope of our getting on."

It was beginning to grow dark, and the drops of rain fell faster and faster. Jessie wondered whether this was a party of pleasure, after all. It had begun very well; but how was it going to end?

"Just take the oars and bring us up to land," said Dan to Sol. "I don't see but we shall have to ask some help. Perhaps we can borrow some oars of your kind old woman that sent us the maple syrup."

"There are one or two men on the shore," said Jessie. "I can see them there by the bushes. Perhaps we can get them to put us across the river. I dare say they will like to go over to the village. They seem to me to be watching us!"

But Sol, instead of turning the boat towards the bank, pushed off farther into the river.

"I believe Sol helped himself to the maple syrup, as he did to the boat," exclaimed Dan, in an angry tone; "and I guess his old woman has sent some of her friends to look us up!"

"Oh, what shall we do?" exclaimed Jessie. "O Sol, do put us across the river as quick as you can! No matter where we land, if we only get on shore that side, somehow."

Sol laughed again. "I should like to have you try to row straight across the current. I don't know how you'd manage it, even if you took all those men aboard."

"They do look threatening," said Jessie. "I am afraid they are calling us! O Dan, I don't know which I dread the most, — the men, or that we shall have to stay out all night in the rain!"

"I can't say that it is a very pleasant predicament," said Dan. "I almost wish you had declined the party of pleasure."

"I do think we shall have to call out for help," said Jessie, "if we could only see somebody to call to. The red feather in my hat will be spoiled."

"I don't see anybody but Sol's friends on shore to help us," said Dan, making another fruitless effort to row the boat across the river.

CHAPTER XI. — *Mattie.*

MATTIE had, meanwhile, hurried over the hill, on her way to Aunt Julia's. Clara left her to go home herself, and report to her mother that she had met Mattie. Martha knew it was important that she should reach her Aunt Julia's as

soon as possible; for she was ill and nervous, and was expecting her mother to dinner, and to stay the afternoon.

She did not reach her Aunt Julia's till late for dinner, and found she was indeed very anxious that her mother had not appeared. Mrs. Pendleton's note explained why she did not come; but Aunt Julia was still much disturbed. "I can't see why your mother should think she must stay with old Mrs. Jeffers. If she has broken her leg, the doctor can attend her. Now, I need your mother more than a doctor. I am thankful you have come, however; for your uncle has not returned from the village, and has sent me word not to wait dinner for him. I really shall try to persuade your uncle to move away from Leesville, if there is such danger of freshets! Not that we are much exposed here on the hills, I am thankful to say."

Martha told how she had left Grace at the Gershom House, and how the water had risen there.

"That is unusual," said her aunt. "The Gershom House has always stood high enough to be out of reach of a freshet! But every thing is changed now-a-days. Your uncle was interested in the building of the New Dam on the branch of the river, and of course it has made a difference about the water below. Though why it should make the water rise, I am sure I can't comprehend."

"It was a very unusual storm last night," said Mattie, "and more rain fell than ever before at this season. And up country there was a heavy snow, you know; and I suppose the melting away of the snow, besides, filled all the streams."

"It was a terrible storm," said her Aunt Julia. "It beat against the window-panes, and made such a roar among the trees that I was sorry your uncle built on a hill. I did not sleep a wink all night, and that is why I sent down for your mother to come. And I suppose she would have come, if it had not been for Mrs. Jeffers. Well, I am thankful that she sent you; for I should not have had a soul to talk to, with your uncle away all day."

The talk was not very cheerful for Mattie, who could not but feel anxious about Grace, and she was still more troubled when it began to rain towards night. Her aunt, too, was imagining all sorts of disasters.

"Your uncle lately has had no connection with the factories at the New Dam. But the danger must have attracted him there; and there is no knowing what may have happened to him!"

He did return at last, but only to bring to Martha the greatest anxiety of all.

"They are in great trouble at the Lesters," he said; "for Grace has not been home since school. It is reported that she went down the river in a boat with Jessie Clare and Dan Ellis and Sol Sykes. Dr. Lester was very anxious, for they had not returned!"

Mattie started up in terror. She must go to the Lesters and explain. Would her uncle take her to the village?

To be continued.

WE never regret the *kind* words we have spoken, or the retort we have left unsaid, but bitterly we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed them any more.

HE who can wait for what he desires takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it; he who labors after a thing too impatiently thinks the success, when attained, not a recompense for all his pains to achieve it.

HUMOROUS.

"MAMMA, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother one day.

"Why not, my child?"

"Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."

At the Grand Hotel, in Paris, lately, a lady, rather excited, hastened down to the "counting-house," and asked hurriedly of one of those small, tight-clad boys who are on duty in that precinct, "Have you the small-pox in the house?" The boy, who "perfectly understands English," replied, "No; but we expect it every minute, and when it arrives I will send it up to the chamber of madame."

The witness before the court was Mr. Wood. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Ottiwell Wood," answered the witness. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge. Mr. Wood replied, "O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O D." The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had ever met with, and, after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up, amid roars of laughter.

Two little boys sat listening while their mother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind with a chariot of fire, when the smaller boy asked his brother, "O Johnny, would you not have been afraid?" Johnny waited a moment, and then replied, "No; not if I had the Lord to drive."

"Vat a monster language!" said a Frenchman. "Here I read in ze newspapers zat a man commit a murder, was committed for trial, and zen committed himself to a reportaire. No wonder every zing in America is done by committee."

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society was held in the Old Meeting-house in Hingham, Wednesday and Thursday, October 16 and 17. Wednesday afternoon, after reports by the Secretary and Treasurer, and other business, an address was delivered by Rev. J. C. Kimball, of Hartford, on "Some of the Evils connected with our present Sunday-school System, and some of the possible Remedies for them." In the evening, an excellent sermon on "the Mission of Jesus and his twofold Influence" was preached by Rev. Pitt Dillingham, of Charlestown.

Thursday morning, after a conference meeting conducted by Rev. W. P. Tilden, of Boston, an address was delivered by Rev. J. G. Brooks, of Roxbury, on "Changes in the Sunday School." In the afternoon, an essay was read by Rev. Dr. Briggs, of Cambridge, on "the Aim and Hope of the Sunday School." Each of the subjects was presented in an able manner, and led to earnest discussion.

The following Board of Officers was chosen for the ensuing year: President, Rev. James De Normandie, of Portsmouth, N.H.; Vice-Presidents, Rev. Adams Ayer, of Boston, and Rev. C. C. Hussey, of Billerica; Secretary, Rev. George F. Piper, of Cambridge; Treasurer, J. Mason Everett, Esq., of Canton; Directors, Rev. L. J. Livermore, of Cambridge, Rev. George A. Thayer, of South Boston, Rev. J. G. Brooks, of Roxbury, Miss E. P. Channing, of Milton, and Miss Georgianna Merrill, of Boston. Thanks were voted to the people of Hingham for their generous hospitality; to Rev. Grindall Reynolds, the retiring President; and to Rev. J. H. Wiggin, who retires from the Board of Managers after ten years' faithful service.

The weather was fine, the attendance large, the hospitality bountiful, and every thing connected with the meeting good.

We sincerely hope that one of the results of this meeting will be an increase of donations to the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. How it is that so many of our parishes are willing that this Society should do its work, year after year, without their help, we cannot understand.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS for November contains Lessons X.–XIII. of the Seventh Series. The titles of these four Lessons are: "The First Kings of Judah;" "Joash, the Boy-King;" "Amaziah and Uzziah;" "Ahaz and Hezekiah." The present Series will be largely devoted to the Hebrew prophets, — a subject of great interest, — and will be completed in May next, when it will be published in a bound volume. It is understood that the next Series will be devoted to the Life and Teachings of Jesus. We would recommend a careful study of the Old Testament Lessons, as a preparation for those on the New.

WE hope that the excellent Letters about Books, kindly contributed to the DAYSPRING by the Ladies' Commission, will be read by parents and teachers, as well as children.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of six letters.
My first is in hand, but not in foot;
My second is in leaf, but not in root;
My third is in apple, but not in fig;
My fourth is in vast, but not in big;
My fifth is in earth, but not in land;
My sixth is in nothing. You understand.
My whole is what we all hope to attain to.

RIDDLE.

My first is a noble forest-tree,
Taking its name from its leaves, may be.
Within the temperate zone you find
The smoothest, thriftiest of its kind.

My second is a native, too,
Where carpets of green enrich the view,
Tempting the palate wherever shown;
Its worth in all our homes is known.

My whole is a well-known edible fruit,
Growing where tropic sunbeams shoot
Their "fierce effulgence down the sky."
So richly flavored, pray what am I?

FLORENTINE.

PUZZLE.

Whole, I am a river in England.
Curtail me, and I am to part.
Transpose, and I am a stanza.
Omit one letter and transpose, and I am without end.
Transpose, and I am to turn aside.
Curtail and transpose, and I am a part of the day.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

–splash
—plash
—-lash
—-ash

RIDDLE.

Nothing.

ENIGMA.

Evil, live, veil, Levi, vile.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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